

No Need for Titles

by A Simple Cup

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Summary: Deciding it would be better than fighting the monstrous nightmare, Hiccup flees Berk, heading south towards a more peaceful land, and a more peaceful life in the kingdom of Arendelle. Starts out 2 years before Elsa's parents' deaths and will rapidly progress to after the story of Frozen, putting Hiccup at his age of 20 in HTTYD2 and Elsa at age 21. Eventual Hiccelsa. T for now.

1. Chapter 1

****Hello!** So this is my story :3 I've read a few Hiccup x Elsa stories, but they weren't the way I would have wanted to tell it, so I'm giving it a go myself :D It'll turn into a love story, but for a long while, it's going to be predominantly Hiccup's tale. (Elsa in later chapters). Anyway, give it a read, and I'd love to hear feedback. This is my first story in this particular fandom(s) so the characters may be a little rough til I get the hang of it.**

****Disclaimer:**** _**I don't make millions of dollars making fantastic movies. I write FanFiction.**_

* * *

><p>Chapter 1<p>

Dread. Uselessness. Resignation.

Those were all emotions that swirled through Hiccup's head as he trudged his way back to his home. He had managed to finally slip past everyone who had been congratulating him ever since Gobber had called out to him only an hour before.

"You've done it! You've done it, Hiccup! You get to kill the Dragon!"

Woopee.

He just couldn't stand the congratulations everyone had been directing towards him. He felt dirty, being celebrated over getting chosen to kill an innocent animal. The worst came from his father though. Hiccup felt nauseous, seeing his father smiling at him with such a proud expression. He had strived to earn that look his entire life, and now that he had it, he felt nothing but misery and shame.

If anyone had really been paying attention to his demeanor, they would have seen a miserable boy trying very hard to disappear inside his clothes. Unfortunately, this, was Berk. Its inhabitants weren't exactly known for their observational skills. Only Astrid had noticed something strange, but Hiccup didn't put too much thought into it. Astrid was suspicious for the wrong reasons. Hiccup's infatuation with the girl had rapidly declined over the past couple weeks. Before he had gotten to know her, he had seen her as this warrior goddess who matched Freyja in beauty. Yet while her physical attractiveness had not diminished, he found her personality to be rather distasteful. She cared only for personal gain. Try as she may to embody the perfect Viking, Hiccup knew she had forgotten the basic fundamentals of where the Vikings drew their purpose for becoming great warriors. They fought for each other. Not themselves.

The thought made him a little bitter. Sure he screwed up a lot, but he had never intentionally harmed the village. Heck most of his inventions would work if he had been given a chance to fix the mistakes. All he had ever tried to do was help the village, and because of his different methods of doing so, he'd become "Hiccup the Useless". It didn't even matter that he was the one who forged the weapons they used to defend the village, or the fact that the fire towers had been his idea. Astrid on the other hand was about as selfish as a dragon was with its fish. Sure, she did her part helping the village during the raids, putting fires out and what not.

Then again— Hiccup thought, glancing around at all the brand spanking new houses with mild amusement. Maybe her 'form was sloppy' when putting out the fires. —

Putting the depressing thoughts behind him, Hiccup sighed heavily as he made his way into his house and up to his room. Opening the door, he found himself standing in the door frame, looking around trying to find a method of making his troubles go away. The thought gave him pause. Was it really that easy?

Just go away.

The plan was so simple, and yet it fixed everything. Why not just leave? It isn't like he would be sorely missed. Gobber would be upset for losing his apprentice, but Hiccup knew he would be able to train another. His father would probably start an expected search party, and when they came back empty handed, start a party of a completely different nature. He was a hiccup, after all. A useless fishbone that only brought irritation and frustration to the entire village. To his own father. Leaving Berk would be a blessing for them, and who was he to give up this one chance to do something right for a change?

Steeling his resolve, Hiccup quickly gathered his journal, a couple empty sketchbooks, and all the notes regarding Toothless and the other dragon species and put them neatly into a bag. He was about to leave, before he remembered that while taking the proof of Toothless with him was necessary, he had forgotten a few other key essentials. Mainly money.

Hiccup had no intention of living off in the wilderness away from civilization. Despite how poorly he was treated here, Hiccup enjoyed the hustle and bustle of people. The satisfaction from working at a forge and making a difference really meant something to him, and he fully intended to continue the craft. In order to carry out that goal, however, he was going to need some money. Land was not a free thing outside the archipelago and depending on the kingdom, could be taxed as well. With all that in mind, Hiccup crawled under his bed and retrieved a small chest. Its contents were his entire life savings. A mixture of copper, silver and gold coins that he had gathered over the course of last eight years. Being the son of the chief has its perks, not having to pay for anything, or at least not with your own money, was certainly one of Hiccup's favorites.

Once he was satisfied that he had everything from his house that he wanted, Hiccup quietly made his way down the stairs, praying his dad wouldn't come barging into the house at this very moment. It wasn't that difficult. A decade of sneaking out from under his dad's judgmental stare to the solitude of the forest had caused him to be somewhat of a tip-toe ninja when in his home. Even if he was a klutz everywhere else he went.

When he had finally made his way to the bottom room of his house, his emotions started to get the better of him. While his resolve to leave had not weakened, he couldn't help the sharp pain of loss and sadness he felt at what he was about to do. Nevertheless, Hiccup prepared himself for what he would certainly find to be the most difficult part of his escape plan and started writing a letter to his dad.

_Dear Dad, _

_I find myself, for the first time in my life, on what would typically be your side of a one-sided conversation. _

I can't bring myself to find any joy in it.

By the time you read this I will be long gone, far away from Berk. I'm leaving Dad. And I don't intend on coming back. I have very few fond memories of this place and have decided to move to a place more accepting of my "kind". A hiccup.

I'm sorry I couldn't be the son you always wanted. Trust me, it wasn't my intention to be Hiccup the Useless. I understand your disappointment and accept it, which is why I think you'll be happy with the real intention of this letter.

I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, renounce all claim to land and title, and hereby self-exile myself from the Hairy Hooligan Tribe. Give the role of chief to Snotlout, he at least wants it. Just promise me you won't force Astrid to marry him. I really don't need a pissed off shield maiden cursing me in my sleep.

Tell Gobber I love him. He was a second father to me.

Farewell,

Hiccup

Pushing back the tears that had decided to fall, Hiccup quickly folded the letter and left it on the table to be found. He felt better after writing the letter, like he was letting go of all the painful memories of the past and taking the first step to moving on with his life. Releasing a content sigh, he quickly and quietly picked up his gear and made his way out the door and into the forest towards the cove.

Entering the cove, Hiccup took one last look around at the serene oasis that he had been practically living in for the past month. It was quite possible the only place he'd miss on the island, but he supposed the reason for its place in his heart was the dragon that would be coming with him. That eased the sadness a bit.

"Toothless!" Hiccup called. "Come on out bud. You and I are taking a little vacationâ€¦forever."

Before he could even react, he heard a sudden flap of wings and a solid black mass knocked him on his back. Wheezing at the sudden loss of air in his lungs, Hiccup glared at the dragon that was currently _jumping_ up and down in excitement above him. He reminded Hiccup of an overgrown dog sometimes, waiting to play fetch.

Hiccup smirked at that, and tried to get up so he could indulge his overgrown puppy with what he wanted most. Toothless, who wasn't done yet, decided to make sure his friend knew _exactly_ how much he meant to him and promptly licked him in the face.

"Ughhh Toothless! You KNOW that doesn't wash out!" Hiccup complained, huffing in annoyance as the dragon let out a warble that he just knew was him laughing at the boy's current state. Hiccup would have been angrier, had he not seen the look of absolute trust and friendship that seemed to radiate from the dragon's dilated, acid green eyes.

Hiccup chuckled. "Come on bud, let's fly south."

That sobered the dragon enough for Hiccup to attach his gear to him, and saddle up. Giving one last look at where his life truly began, he sighed, and patted Toothless on the head to know he was ready. The dragon didn't even hesitate, flying off into the setting sun, heading out across the sea.

Nightfall came only a few hours later and despite flying for only a short amount of time, Hiccup was exhausted. The stress and pressure he received from his village was finally starting to get to him. Deciding that they needed to stop for the night or risk crashing into the sea, Hiccup directed Toothless toward the island below.

They found a nice spot near the tree line by the coast to land where a few rather large boulders were side by side, completely blocking the night's chilly wind.

Hiccup got off and felt the early winter chill start to creep in through his furs. Rubbing his arms to keep warm, he turned to his friend.

"Guess we should get a fire going, huh bud."

The dragon just rolled his eyes and looked at him with a rather arrogant expression that clearly stated 'I don't need a fire'.

"Yea yea, you useless reptile. I should get a fire going," he replied, glaring at the dragon as he walked across the beach picking up dry pieces of driftwood, grumbling all the while.

Satisfied with the amount of gathered material, he went about getting the wood ready to light. Unfortunately, Hiccup was still, well, a hiccup, and his fire starting skills left much to be desired. Toothless, who had since laid down to sleep, opened one eye to watch as his rider struggled to create a spark. He noted that the boy was going about the process wrong, clashing the rocks together instead of rubbing them and he couldn't help but let out a warble of amusement. The laughter his eyes portrayed quickly turned to one of sympathy though, as he noticed the boy's body begin to shake from the cold. Not wanting his friend to suffer, he quickly lit the fire and gave Hiccup a gummy smile.

"Th-thanks b-bud," Hiccup said, before getting up and scratching Toothless on the chin. The dragon purred with an almost feline satisfaction and wrapped his rider with his tail, pinning him to his body and the warmth that radiated from within.

Both were quiet for a while, but when Hiccup heard the steady, drawn out breaths of the dragon behind him, he knew sleep had taken the beast. Listening to the steady beat of his friend's heart, coupled with the hypnotic sound of the oceans surf breaking across the beach, Hiccup felt completely calm for the first time in his entire life. Berk had never given him this comfort. Whether it be hiding from his cousin, or constantly trying to figure out how to prove his worth, he had never just let it all go and relaxed entirely. The feeling alone quelled any and all thoughts his brain had about returning to Berk. It was a feeling he wanted to spend the rest of his life experiencing. Letting the sounds wash over him, cleansing him of his life old fatigue and weariness, just as the waves cleansed the beach itself, Hiccup drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

* * *

><p>Berk, The next morning<p>

It had been an entire hour since the village had gathered at the arena to watch the chief's son take his final, and the boy hadn't shown. They had listened to Stoic give a speech about his pride towards Hiccup, had even roared in agreement, but as the time slowly ticked past, mutterings about "the Useless" and "village nuisance" started cropping up among the disgruntled villagers. Angriest of them all was none other than the chief himself, who was starting to hear the villager's harsh whispers. Trying to hide his embarrassment towards the situation, he spoke up.

"I'll go and look for him. He's probably off training and just lost

track of time," he said, attempting to reassure the dubious crowd. With that temporarily taken care of, he walked out of the arena and up towards his house.

Stoic decided the best course of action was the old Viking way, and slammed the door open, shouting at the top of his lungs.

"HICCUP! GET OUT HERE! YOU HAVE A DRAGON TO KILL!"

Utter silence followed.

"What is that boy doing?" he muttered under his breath.

Undeterred, the chief made his way up the stairs and squeezed himself into his son's room, only to be shown a rather shocking image. His son's room wasâ€¦_clean._ Alarmingly clean. Stoic could not remember the last time Hiccup's _ceiling_ was clear of an assortment of blueprints, let alone his desk, floor, bed and walls. The sight scared him, though he wouldn't admit that to anyone but himself.

Where was his stuff? Where was _his son?_

With these questions racing around in his mind, he made his way back downstairs to search for more clues as to the disappearance of his son. Expecting to find evidence of him carrying on with a normal breakfast, as the Haddock's were known for leaving dishes on the table, he was met instead with a single note, sitting in front of the chief's traditional seat at the head of the table. The chief unfolded the note with slightly shaking hands and began to read, becoming paler as shock and confusion made way for guilt and sadness towards the letter's contents. By the end of it, tears were falling freely from the chiefs eyes as his actions towards his son weighed down upon him.

What have I done? Oh Hiccupâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Somewhere Far South of Berk<p>

After an entire day of non-stop flying, the mainland of the south finally appeared upon the horizon. Hiccup had never been to the mainland, but had heard that it was a more peaceful place than the northern tribes, something he was rather looking forward to. As he started to fly over the land, he learned right away that it was just as beautiful, if not more so, than the island of Berk. A dense pinewood forest that was only broken by a single, solitude mountain. He knew other mountains dotted the land, but this one definitely seemed to be the tallest. Trees didn't grow at the top, and its peak was covered with snow.

Hiccup flew around the mountain twice before deciding to keep heading inland. He hadn't gotten very far when he spotted a small building with smoke rising out of a chimney. The teen knew he could keep going until he found a village, but Toothless was exhausted from such an extended flight, and Hiccup didn't want him getting hurt on their first full day. So he decided to land near the building and ask the owner for directions.

"Stay here bud," Hiccup said to his friend. "I'm going to see if I can find out where we are. Try to get some rest."

Toothless needed no encouragement. As soon as Hiccup had finished talking, the dragon was sound asleep. It made Hiccup feel a little bad for wearing his friend out, but he knew Toothless understood the need for his rider to find shelter. After scratching the dragon's neck, which elicited a loud hum of content from the slumbering animal, Hiccup made his way up to the house he had seen earlier. To his delight however, when he got to the building he realized it wasn't a house but a trading post! _Wandering Oaken's Trading Post and Sauna_ to be specific, though what a sauna was, Hiccup had absolutely no idea.

A blast of warm air greeted Hiccup when he entered the store, along with an overly cheerful "Hoo Hoo" from a man who could quite possibly be bigger than Stoick the Vast.

"Don't get many travelers at night ya? Anything I can help you with?" The man he presumed was Oaken, asked.

"I'm just passing through, headed south. Do you mind telling me where I am exactly?" Hiccup asked.

"We are in Arendelle, ya? Lovely kingdom it is. Just keep going south, you'll find it, no problem." Oaken said, grinning happily at the thought of helping a newcomer.

"Arendelle huh? It's exactly where I'm headed. I don't suppose you know who I can go to purchase land outside the village?" He asked.

"Oh ya, talk to the land proprietor in the city. He takes care of all the un-owned pieces of land outside the city." Oaken replied.

"Great! Thanks," said Hiccup, heading back towards the door. An afterthought had him stopping at the entrance and taking a glance around the store. Looking back at Oaken, he asked him. "You sell any fish?"

Oaken shook his head. "No good, fish are sold closer to the coast. Too much money to ship up the mountain, ya?"

A little put out, Hiccup bid his farewell and headed out the door, a cheery "Bye bye!" following him out into the night. Tomorrow he would make his way to Arendelle. To his new home.

* * *

><p>Sooooo how'd you like it? I want to hear it all! The bad, the good, the ideas, (just not the flame eh?) Anywho, This story has been picking at me for awhile, and I thought, meh, what the heck, I'll give it a go. So yea! I'm thinking weekly updates by the way. May change as college gets started, may be quicker, may be longer, we'll see.

****Heeyyy Guys! Sorry for the late update! I was moving back to college, had stuff to do. Anyways, Here is chapter 2! I felt like there was something I wanted to address before starting this chapter, but for the life of me, I can't remember. Just remember, I want to know what you guys feel about this story's progression. The good, the bad, the ugly, the seemingly unimportant, everything. Just no flames, kay?****

****Disclaimer: I still don't own a gosh darn dragon. (pouts)****

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><p>Chapter 2<p>

The Castle of Arendelle was a quiet place, void of the usual sounds that would normally inhabit the capitols of kingdoms. There was no chatter among maids, or the laughter of children running through the guest rooms. The gallant ballrooms and colorful halls no longer held the light and merriment that they once had before. It had been 8 years since Elsa's incident with her sister, and while the two of them were safe, the castle was stifling under the thick blanket of silence and sadness.

King Agdar of Arendelle seemed to be growing older, faster than anyone should. Not yet having reached the age of 45, he should have still been in his prime, and, to an outsider, he was. The stress and guilt bearing down on him over his daughters isolation however, made it just a little harder to wake up each day than it had been the day before.

It seemed odd now, that he woke up this morning without issue, immediately ready to start his day of walking through the town. He had always enjoyed roaming among his citizens in plain attire, relishing in the feeling of equality he got from his subjects as they treated him with the same amount of respect and kindness as they did towards every other citizen.

Sure, people knew he was the king, but no one would break the spell of happiness they could see on "his majesty's" face. They loved him for trying to go through his day like they did, even if it was only once a week.

Still, Agdar couldn't help but think something was going to be different today. He guessed that it could have to do with needing to go to the bakery today. He didn't usually frequent the shops, not wanting to intrude on people's business, but Anna's 13th birthday was approaching, and Helen the baker made the best baked-goods in the entire city. After all the isolation and sadness his youngest daughter had been through, Agdar would do anything to make his little girl happy again. If a double chocolate cake could bring that happiness out, who was he to deny his daughter?

The thought of his hyperactive little redhead brought a genuine smile that nowadays so rarely graced his face. The girl was a whirlwind of motion, who thought life should be lived openly and freely.

His grin fell when he reminded himself that that wasn't a possibility anymore and with a sorrow-filled sigh, he pushed his way out of the gates, and trudged into the city limits.

* * *

><p>Life outside the castle was nothing short of a complete 180. If a pin in the castle dropped on the 3rd floor, it could be heard from downstairs, but the City was a constant stream of noise, energy, and life. People lived their entire lives outside, roaming the streets, knowing everybody who passed them, and greeting them accordingly, only to go home at the end of an honest day's work and have a meal with their family. It was something so simple, so taken for granted and Agdar _envied_ them of their normalcy.

He didn't resent them though. These were kind people, who had nothing wrong to him. The helped him, in fact. Not only helping the kingdom simply by keeping civilization rolling, some of the townspeople had helped him specifically in the past. There was the blacksmith, Hadvar, who has lived through two different kings and was well into his 70's, who had taught the king how to fix a broken window not two years before, when Elsa had cracked hers under the intense cold.

Walking up to the door of the bakery, he couldn't help but smile as he thought of another kind citizen who has helped him more times than he cares to admit. The thought of made him smile as he opened the door.

Upon entering however, he could see Helen the Baker was in a bit of distress, though he couldn't figure out why. When she noticed him however, she smiled that warm smile that could only be described as "motherly".

"Well good afternoon, Agdar," Helen greeted, wiping her hands on the already hopelessly stained apron that had not changed for as long as he could remember. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Hello Helen, just wanted to see how business was going," he said nonchalantly.

It was a game they played, between the two of them. Agdar had originally come into the shop when Elsa was about to turn 4, asking Helen if she could teach him how to bake a cake for his little girl. At the time she had been flattered, and slightly intimidated by the young king. What if she messed up? What would happen?

That all changed about forty minutes into the lesson when Agdar had put in flour instead of sugar, causing Helen to laugh uncontrollably and threatening him with treason for trying to "poison the princess". The event, had left him utterly embarrassed, and he had not reentered the shop until the day before his daughter's birthday, where he had shakily asked her how business was going, not wanting to let her know he still needed her help. Helen had simply smirked at him, and brought out the cake.

They'd been doing it ever since.

Now though, when the question was asked, it wasn't the signature smirk that graced her face, but one of glum and sadness.

"I'm sorry, Agdar, but my oven needs replacing. And I can't get a replacement for another few weeks," she replied, a slight tremble in her usually strong voice.

He barely registered the shop's door opening as he tried thinking of a quicker solution to the problem.

"Is there anything I can do? Can it be fixed at all?" he asked.

Helen sadly shook her head in the negative. "I'm afraid not, Agdar. The foundation has a crack in it, the oven can't stay warm with outside air blowing in. And a mortar won't work, it'll just crumble when it gets too hot," Helen replied with slumped shoulders and a defeated expression.

"Co-could I take a look at it?" a small voice asked from behind him.

Agdar turned around to find that the person who had entered the store was a small teenage boy. Initially noticing the mop of auburn hair and the furs and rag-like clothes, Agdar knew straight away that the boy was from the northern islands. It was when he looked into the boy's eyes that he was mentally taken aback.

The boy's eyes were the clearest shade of green he had ever seen but that wasn't what had shocked him. It was the seriousness in those forest-green depths that made him shiver. They spoke of hardship and neglect, yet overflowed with a sincerity and kindness that the king knew would draw anyone's attention.

What bothered Agdar was that he couldn't read the boy. He saw individual emotions through his eyes, but he couldn't even begin to understand what he was thinking. It irked him, if he was being honest with himself. He'd regularly pride himself in his ability to read what peoples true thoughts were, having several years of experience in court dealing with ambassadors and foreign nations. Yet this teenager stumped him completely.

Looking back at Helen to see what her response would be, he saw that she too was silently evaluating the boy. Knowing the baker for as long as he'd been a father, he knew she was seeing the fatigue and supposed fragility that described the boy's physique. The boy, however, was starting to become uncomfortable, and the kindness that seemed to shine brightly from his eyes dimmed a bit, as he mumbled an apology before turning to leave.

"I don't see what you could do, but if you know of a way for me to keep my families oven, I'd be forever grateful to you, child," Helen finally said, freezing the retreating figure in place.

The teen turned around to look at Helen, as if trying to make sure what she said was real. The hopeful glint in his eyes made Agdar's heart tighten. What was it about this northerner that made him want to give him a hug?

Giving a slight nod to Helen, the boy walked over to where the oven was located and started studying the crack. Agdar watched with a small amount of fascination as the boy traced his finger along the line, slowly wiping his thumb and pointer finger together, rubbing some of the orange stone dust together.

"So travelerâ€¦what's your name?" Agdar asked, not wanting the

silence so familiar at home to spread here as well.

Without even looking up from his study, the boy replied. "Hiccup Haddock."

Agdar's eyes widened with shock, but neither Hiccup nor Helen noticed, as they were both looking at the oven.

_This is Vast's boy? _

The king had heard of Berk from his talk with surrounding kingdoms. Those closer to the north knew of the Viking village that was located in the archipelago that never attacked other villages and kept peaceful relations with the fishing towns on the coast of the mainland. They were still Vikings though, and their people were typically, well, _Viking-like._

Hiccup looked nothing like a Viking. He was thin, malnourished and small. The complete opposite of a Viking. It didn't fully explain why he was here, and not up north, but Agdar kept the thoughts to himself as he continued the conversation.

"Hiccup," he said, testing the name out with an amused tone. "An interesting name, to be sure. Though I've been told a northerners name is always a tale, in and of itself."

Hiccup got up and looked at Agdar smiling. It was a lopsided smile that seemed to fit his face much better than the guarded, hesitant look he had had upon entering the shop. Agdar didn't know why, but it warmed him to be the cause of it.

He was brought out of his reverie by Hiccup, who had since moved to his back, rummaging around looking for something. With his back still turned, Hiccup replied.

"Believe me, my name might be embarrassing, but it's not nearly as bad as some other names in my village."

Seeing an opening to find out why the boy was here, Agdar spoke.

"And the name of that village would beâ€|?"

To his credit, Hiccup never paused in his search for whatever he was looking for, but the rigidness radiating from his stiff shoulders could be seen from across the room. Pulling out a small vial, Hiccup turned around and looked directly at him.

"Names and titles often lead to the suspicion of secondary intentions. I have no need or want for them to follow me."

The answer surprised him. He'd never met a kid who could so politely tell him to mind his own business. He may have pressed further, but the subtle fear he saw in the boy's eyes had him mulling over what he had just said.

Was it titles that he didn't want following him? Or Berk?

Hiccup paid him no mind, returning to the oven with the as of yet unidentified substance filled vial. Both Agdar and Helen watched with

interest as he unscrewed the cap, and poured out a slimy, clear substance, and began pasting it over the crack. When Hiccup seemed satisfied that the crack was filled, he began rubbing the orange dust that he had been creating over the crack, making it appear as if the crack had never been there.

Helen gasped in astonishment.

"How on earth did you do that?!" she exclaimed. "It looks like it was never broken to begin with!"

Hiccup smiled sheepishly, but Agdar could see the pride radiating from his eyes. Pride in his work. Pride in his ability to help another person.

"It's dragon saliva actually. The stuff never washes out, so I thought it might come in handy at some point to have some. Guess I was right. It shouldn't break either, since dragon saliva has to withstand constant hot temperatures," he replied.

At the mention of dragons, Agdar and Helen's mouths both fell open.

"Dragon Saliva?!" Agdar exclaimed. "How did you manage to get that?"

That seemed to catch Hiccup off guard a bit, though Agdar couldn't tell why.

"Uhh, ahem, well I um. You know, grew up in a village that suffers from dragon raids. The stuff is all over the place. Though I was the one who figured out its usefulness," Hiccup stammered.

The boy was suddenly enveloped in a hug by Helen, who seemed to be brimming with happiness.

"Oh child, I don't even care how you did it, if there is anything I can do to repay you Iâ€|," she seemed to lose herself for a moment before gathering her thoughts. "That oven has been used by my family for five generations, Hiccup. Thank you for fixing it."

Hiccup's smile only grew wider, the satisfaction of knowing he did a good job seeming to lift his spirits higher than they probably had been in a long time. Chuckling to himself, he placed a few loafs of fresh bread on the counterâ€|along with the necessary amount of money needed as payment.

Helen shook her head. "No, keep the money. You've done enough to pay for a few loafs."

"I don't expect a reward for simply doing the right thing ma'am," Hiccup replied, before bidding them a good day, and walking towards the door.

They watched as he took a bite of one of the loaves and stopped abruptly. Turning around faster than either thought possible, Hiccup spoke again.

"On second thought, if you could make an extra loaf or three of for me every day? That would be more than enough for me, Odin help me

this bread is delicious!"

Agdar and Helen shared a look, before continuing to stare amusedly at the boy walking away who was getting such pleasure from eating a simple loaf of bread. Hiccup Haddock was something else. There wasn't any doubt about it.

Agdar planned on finding out more.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV<p>

As Hiccup walked down the street, he couldn't help but replay the memory of him actually helping someone over and over in his mind. It felt amazing. _He_ felt amazing. It was a feeling he wanted to experience again soon, and for the rest of his life. It made him feelâ€¦|_useful._

As he continued down the street, Hiccup was brought out of his musings when he heard the man from the bakery call out to him. Turning around, he saw the source of the shout run up to him, gasping for breath. Hiccup waited patiently, if not warily, for him to gather his thoughts. After a moment, the man spoke with a voice that was surprisingly soft and warm, but what he said made Hiccup's blood freeze.

"I don't know what Berk's heir is doing all the way out here, but you've been here for a day and have already helped one of the most beloved citizens in this city."

At the mention of his previous home, Hiccups heart began to beat fast, and paralyzed with fear at what the man could do with the knowledge he somehow possessed, he was rooted to the ground, eyes as wide as saucers.

The man seemed to understand his feeling as he smiled warmly before holding up his hand in mock surrender.

"I have no intention of causing you trouble Hiccup. This is a peaceful kingdom. We do not throw wandering travelers into the dungeon simply for being from a more violent place. You're clearly not a bloodthirsty murderer. You actually seem unnaturally kind and intelligent for one your age. Tell me, do you plan to stay in Arendelle?"

Hiccup thought about what he should tell the man. He felt the urge to trust him, but he wasn't going to spill the beans on his travel companion to someone he met a mere hour ago. So he told him the truth, but only what was necessary.

"I just bought the deed to a farm on the edge of the woods outside the city. The land isn't much, but I've been told the foundation is strong and with a little time and effort, I may get a decent forge going."

The man's face lit up with interest at that, and quickly responded.

"There's no need to build your own forge Hiccup," he said with a

chuckle. "You can talk to Hadvar at the city forge for a job there, if that's what you're set on doing."

Hiccup simply smiled and sheepishly replied "I already planned on talking to him about an apprenticeship. The forge at my own residency would be for my own use. I'm an inventor, and sometimes my inventions, don't always work the way their supposed to. I'd rather not be weighed down with paranoia at the thought of hurting someone due to my miscalculations."

The man gave him a hearty laugh before holding out his hand. Hiccup took the hand and shook firmly.

"It's been a pleasure meeting you Hiccup Haddock. I hope to see what you have to offer the city in the future."

"Thank you sir, but I never did catch your name?"

"Agdar, call me Agdar."

"Well thanks Agdar, I'll be heading to the smithy now. I'll be seeing you."

And with that, he walked into the building down the street, thinking that maybe, just maybe, he could make a good life here.

* * *

><p>Sooooo how was it? Was it awful? Did you hate it? Did you love it? Agdar will be a character up until he and the queen's untimely death (following Frozen canon on that one, their fates are sealed.) I think I remember what I was going to say too. Hiccup starts the story at 15. He's a year younger than Elsa. King and Queen die when Elsa is 18, making Hiccup 17. Elsa becomes queen at 21, making Hiccup 20.

I'm sure I explained that at some point, but I'm just reiterating.

As always, R&R :) See you soon!

3. Chapter 3

****Well hello there! How are ya? Here's chapter 3! I actually completed it within a week's time too. Crazy, right? Anyway, I thought I'd address a few things before continuing on to what you actually came to read.****

****First off. You want longer chapters? Seriously? It's hard for me as it is xD I try to go for 3000 words per chapter.****

****Secondly I am LOVING the feedback guys, really I am. It makes me all giddy reading the reviews. But as always, good, bad, ugly, I want to know what you think.****

****Disclaimer: I do not own dragons, nor look like an incredibly attractive animated, weather controlling blonde.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 3<p>

Three months.

It had only been three months since Agdar had met Hiccup Haddock, and since then, his life's been looking a whole lot less grey.

The boy was a fountain of new knowledge, just wanting to be tapped into. He'd learned that Hiccup was an artist, as much as he was an inventor. He remembered his reaction to watching Hiccup masterfully sketch Arendelle Castle only the week before. The boy had gotten all its details in a matter of minutes. Agdar had been more than a little impressed. He had even joked about Hiccup being able to look at the world once, and draw it entirely, but he didn't miss the way Hiccup's face lit up with curiosity. He could practically see the gears turning in his head, figuring out the best approach to meeting that goal.

He didn't know how the boy would do it, but he had no doubt he'd try. Hiccup Haddock never gave up, and the thought brought an inspiration to continue the day with a newfound determination.

As it was, Agdar was whistling a happy tune, so out of place in the depressing halls of his home, as he made his way down the stairs for breakfast, that his wife looked at him funny when he entered the dining room. He smiled at her and decided he'd rather sit next to her today, than at the other end of the table. He enjoyed the pleasant, surprised smile he got from her, and silently vowed to do this more often.

"So what's put my husband in such a cheery mood these past few months?" his wife asked, amused with his spontaneous actions.

"Would you believe it was the actions of a northern boy?" he asked in return.

He could tell when the word Viking passed through her mind, and was thankful she didn't press the issue. Agdar wasn't a fan of passing judgment before having all the facts, and was blessed with a wife whose views were the same way.

"So what is it about this northerner that has you whistling?"

"He fascinates me, Idun!" he exclaimed with a childlike glee. "Everything he does, he does with such passion, with a joy at being able to help someone."

"So what does he do, exactly?" his wife asked, quickly becoming intrigued with this development.

"Anything. Everything," Agdar said, as if that explained it all. The look from his wife told him it indeed did not.

"He's a blacksmith apprentice," he quickly added. "Though he's so much more. The boy draws! I mean really draws! He sketched out the castle in a matter of minutes! On his very first day in town he fixed Madam Helen's oven. The thing had a crack going right down the middle! There shouldn't have been anyway to fix it, but he did, and with dragon saliva no less."

The Queen's eyes went wide with shock. "Did you say dragon saliva?"

"I know, I was the exact same way. Apparently his village gets raided by the beasts. Most islanders would kill first, ask questions later, but not _Hiccup_. He looks at the dragons in a different light. He figured out that dragon saliva could work as a heat-resistant mortar. If it has to sustain dragon fire, it can sustain an oven's heat."

"I'm sorry did you say Hiccup? That's the boy's name?" the look on his wife's face was one of mortifying confusion. Who could name a child after a bodily function?

That elicited a booming laugh from the king. "Hiccup Haddock," he said, holding up three fingers. "The third."

A gasp escaped her as her hands flew to her mouth when the realization struck.

Good, she understands.

"A _chief's_ son? Here? Why on earth is he so far from home?"

The question had his brow furrowing. "I'm not sure. He seemed afraid when I told him I knew. The odd thing was, it seemed that it wasn't fear of Arendelle finding out, but of Berk."

He looked sad as he remembered what he had looked like upon entering the bakery.

"You should have seen him, Idun. He was this dirty, scrawny thing with dark bags under his eyes, a mop of unruly, filthy hair. The boy tells me people called him a fishbone in his old village," he said bitterly.

"Sounds like a horrid place to live. No child deserves to be broken and beaten like that. I'm glad he came here," his wife told him, rubbing a reassuring hand over his shoulder.

"That's just it though. Here was a boy, dirty, small, malnourished and alone. Anyone like that shouldn't be alive, but Hiccupâ€|he had a _fire_ in his eyes, that was so unnatural yet fit perfectly into place. Broken, maybe. But not beaten. Not by a long shot." He finished.

They ate in silence for a bit, content to just be near each other as they finished up their breakfast. Again, however, the Queen interrupted the silence.

"So what else has Hiccup done?" she pressed. "He's been here a few months, surely he's done more than sketch the castle and fix an oven."

That brought a smile to Agdar's face. "I overheard some fisherman the other day talking about how they've been mysteriously getting a few extra loads of cod every week. I have a feeling Hiccup's behind that as well. How though, I couldn't say. He's outgoing and guarded, sarcastic and serious, a happy 15 year old and a man with all the

world's weight on his shoulders, all at the same time. It's maddening and a completely hiccup thing to be. I don't know a quarter of what's going on in that mind of his."

His wife smiled and glanced at the clock and seemed to realize what time it was.

"Well I've kept you long enough, perhaps today you'll find out a little more," she said to him with a warm smile.

Upon hearing the dismissal, the excitement of his weekly activity (for it was no longer a duty to him), returned. Jumping up and kissing his wife passionately, he sprinted out of the room, satisfied with the blush his wife was wearing.

* * *

><p>Hiccup POV<p>

Hiccup was starting that day like any other day in Arendelle; devouring the edible gold that Helen called bread. Hiccup knew what bread tasted like, and this wasn't it. Bread was rough and chewy, and sometimes even damp. This? This was light, fluffy, and utterly addicting. It was precious enough he wouldn't even share any with toothless. What If the dragon liked it? Then he'd have to _share _the bread.

No. That just wouldn't do.

"You may want to get rid of that look in your eye, lad. People might start to wonder if your relationship with the loaf is less than innocent," cackled Hadvar the blacksmith, as Hiccup walked into the store with his daily rations.

"Oh those people just don't understand this beauty on the same level that I do," Hiccup responded sarcastically, making a show of kissing the loaf on the heel.

"Their loss I suppose," the blacksmith deadpanned. "Now get to work, there's a few shovels and hoes that need fixing."

Hiccup nodded, and after putting away his things, got to work.

Working at the forge in Arendelle was an entirely different feeling than that of working at the forge on Berk. The forge in Arendelle was used mainly for everyday items, like farming tools, and nails. Sure they had their orders for weapons, mainly to keep the Arendelle guard's gear in top condition, but overall, there was no real need for the mass production of armaments that Berk required. Another difference was the layout of the forge itself. Berk's was filled with barrels of excess weapons, and was habitually very crowded. Arendelle's was not only larger, but more organized, with tradable goods hung neatly on the walls and excess metal stored away for later use. These were traits Hiccup loved dearly. While he used his own forge back home to lay out all his schematics and drawings, he wanted his workspace clean and open. The forge was a corner shop, with three open arches on either side facing the street. The inside corner was dominated by the large forge. In the winter, all but one of the arches would be closed, allowing heat to be trapped within the

building, but on a nice, early spring afternoon, when the weather was fair, all the doors were open, and the forge was lit up with natural sunlight and a welcome breeze would filter through.

Hiccup loved it. Not only was he working under more peaceful conditions, but he was getting compliments from the people he'd done work for. While towards them, he'd politely tell him he was only doing his duty as a blacksmith, he always got a warm feeling of pride whenever his usefulness was noted. It made him double his efforts to do the best he could. He never expected the compliments or show of gratitude, but if they were going to appreciate his work, he was going to make it worth the appreciation.

His mood wasn't the only thing to change over the last couple months. With his increase in actual food, he'd started to fill out, and muscles that he had secretly had for a few years were starting to show. Hours taken to riding Toothless and wrestling around with his friend had given him even more strength and endurance. The lanky teen was quickly developing a core and knew it. The thought of being able to help others with tasks he was previously too weak to attempt, made him smile.

* * *

><p>Agdar's POV<p>

When Agdar entered the forge, he wasn't greeted. Not by a person at least. Both the blacksmith and his apprentice were hard at work, wrapped in his own thoughts. It gave him time to look around the forge, something he hadn't been able to do in length, as usually one of them was always ready to engage him in conversation.

If he was being honest, he had little idea at what he was looking at. There were so many tools in the shop it made his head spin, but both Hadvar and Hiccup seemed to know exactly which tools to use. There was one oddity in the store however, which the king knew was out of place in a forge. In a box near the one of the doors, was a pile of pelts.

Hadvar seemed to have noticed his presence, because the old man quietly got up from his work and made his way towards him.

"Hello Agdar, how goes your weekly tramp through the kingdom?" the old man asked, good-naturedly.

"It goes. Thought I'd drop by, see how our boy's doing," Agdar replied.

"Other than his unwavering fascination with the common starch, I'd say he's coming along fine. I've hardly had to teach him anything, but whatever I have taught him he's taken immediately to mastering. I've never seen a boy's work that was that high in quality," Hadvar replied.

Agdar gave him a puzzled look. "What do you mean? How good is he?"

The blacksmith turned to look at him. "Good. Very Good. Damn near perfect, really. The lad's clearly been working at a forge for years, probably as a weapon smith. He seems more comfortable working on

blades than on nails and rods, but he gives it all his complete attention."

Agdar chuckled at that. "Much like everything else he sets his mind to."

He turned his attention back to the box of pelts, drawing the other man's attention.

"Ah, those would be Hiccup's. Brought them in this morning before he left to get his food."

"They seem like remarkably good quality, I wonder where he got them from," the king pondered.

"I got them from the woods," said the subject of their conversation.

Both men seemed to jump a little at the noise, since neither one had realized he had finished with his work. Hiccup grinned.

"Some of the farmers were complaining about wolves preying on their livestock. I told them I would handle it. This was what I got last night," he said, gesturing to the pelts.

Agdar couldn't believe it. This boy, this small, skinny boy, was able to not only take down, but professionally skin what looked to be half a dozen _wolves_ in a single night?

"Wh-what do you plan to do with them? I know a few people who would love to hang a few of these in their house," Agdar asked.

Hiccup looked at him with horrified, incredulous eyes. "Hang them in their house?! Like a decoration?!" he exclaimed, positioning himself between them and the box. "I wasn't planning on selling them at all, let alone sell them for something as trivial as a wall aesthetic!"

It was Agdar's turn to look incredulous. "You aren't planning on selling them? Why ever not? Pelts are worth a great deal in these parts."

Hiccup seemed to calm down a bit, because his answer is much calmer than it had been before.

"I have no need for extra money. I get enough as is by working at the smithy. Where I'm from, pelts are valuable as well, but for another reason. They keep us warm when the nights get too cold and winter's biting breath seeps through the cracks in our homes," Hiccup visibly shivers at the thought before Agdar finds himself looking directly into forest green eyes.

"I'd rather keep them unneeded than not have them when they are."

The heart of a chief.

The thought struck the king like a blow. Agdar feels pity for Berk. They pushed away somebody who would have led them into prosperity. Here was a boy, who as his wife at so delicately put it, was broken

and beaten by his own people. Except that wasn't the case, was it? He hadn't broken, simply bended to meet the needs of his people. If those needs happened to be "pick on the runt", who was he to stop them?

How couldn't they see the big-hearted teen that was right in front of them for fifteen years?

"Their loss," he whispered.

Hiccup snapped his head up to look at him, and they locked eyes with each other, before Hiccup gave a small, thankful smile, and returned to his work.

Agdar thought he might need some time for himself, so he bid them both a good day. Among all the small achievements that Hiccup had already completed, Agdar knew there was still an underlying loss. He felt bad for bringing up his home, but he had meant what he said.

Berk had lost more than their heir. They had lost their pride.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV<p>

Their loss.

The words rung in Hiccup's head even as his friend/mentor, he wasn't quite sure, left the forge.

They meant more to him than any other gesture he'd been shown thus far. It wasn't simply an act of gratitude towards him helping a neighbor, or being a worthy worker of the forge.

It was recognizing that he came from a place that didn't care for him, and that he was appreciated. That meant everything to him. He may miss Berk from time to time. Miss his father, or the rough culture that was in his veins, but he no longer considered his old village home. He'd found a home.

With tears gently rolling down his face, he went to go retrieve his bread and sneak another bite in before Hadvar told him to get back to work.

He was more than a little shocked to find a dog trying to nose its way into the bag.

"Hey! Get away you-you, thief! That's MY bread!" and damn if Hiccup heard his voice crack with despair. Hadvar would be giving him hell for that one later.

The dog growled at him, grabbed the bag and took off down the street. Hiccup went after it immediately and as he sprinted down the crowded streets of Arendelle, he couldn't help but chuckle at the familiarity. He may have traded one pest problem for another, but neither one was any less offensive than the other. Hiccup knew the makings of a raid when he saw one. Taking his bread? It was low. Really low, but Hiccup was used to the idea of chasing after those who raid his home.

Because despite him leaving his village, he's a Viking. It's an occupational hazard.

* * *

><p>So what did you think? I'm trying oh so very hard to set up some things for later chapters, while also letting us see a bit of the day to day in the life of Hiccup Haddock and the King. If you are feeling sad because Hiccup is being focused on the same, if not less than Agdar, don't worry, it won't always be like that. Hiccup is the constant character, but he isn't the sole one, and I enjoy writing in multiple POV's to get several perspectives on the current happenings in the story. So once again:

Tell me what you think :) I'll see you guys sometime next week.

4. Chapter 4

**Hey Guys! Sorry for the long update. With School and a little game called Destiny coming out last week, I was swamped with other things to do. However, I have a little longer of a chapter for you today :) Let me know what you think!
>

Disclaimer: I do not have a dragon, nor the ability to make a talking snowman.

* * *

><p>Chapter 4<p>

It was a sun-filled day, with a northward bound wind giving its last breath of warm air before winter set in for the season. The sky was a crystal blue, and for the first time in what seemed a millennia, the island of Berk was quiet, with only a resonating _thwack_ every so often breaking the sleepy silence that encumbered the village.

As a young shield maiden steadily went through her morning routine, she couldn't help but think the silence was only an illusion of peace.

Her name was Astrid Hofferson, and she didn't understand. She _hated_ not understanding.

Thwack.

She knew that underneath that silence was a bubbling tension that was never quite done simmering. It had been an entire year, to the day in fact, since the former heir of Berk had upped and left and since then, the village had never really been the same.

Sure, there had been less accidents during some of the raids, and for a while, a lot of people seemed happy.

"_That didn't last long," _Astrid thought bitterly, as she hurled her axe into yet another unsuspecting tree.

_Thwack. _

She just didn't _get_ it. She just couldn't understand how something that was seemingly great could make life so damn stressful!

Thwack.

It was odd enough that Fishlegs basically ignored the gang like the plague now, but Gobber was outright hostile with the majority of the Village, specifically the Chief. Anytime Astrid ever saw Stoick enter the same building as the local Blacksmith, she'd see Gobber get up, glare at the man, and walk to the furthest spot from him, if not leaving the building all together.

The oddest thing was that the Chief would just look sorrowful and beaten. Not at all what a Viking idol should look like.

It all boiled down to the departure of one Hiccup the Useless. Personally the thought pissed the young shield maiden off. Even when he was gone the runt still caused problems.

It only added to her frustration when she reached to pull her axe out of the tree and it came out dull and chipped.

"Ugh, Again? Seriously?! I had this sharpened two days ago!" she yelled to no one in particular.

Gobber's attitude hadn't been the only thing to suffer as the months went by, now that Astrid stopped to think about it. Almost immediately, his quality of work had declined. It was almost as if he was punishing them for Hiccup leaving by giving them poor means to defend themselves. Her axe breaking was the last straw. She was going to go give Gobber a piece of her mind.

* * *

><p>As she walked through the village towards the forge, she couldn't help but take in the expressions on people's faces. The villagers were typically quite jovial, if not a bit hung-over from the night before, but today, the faces were grim. More than a few she caught stealing glances at the Chief's house, before shaking their heads and continuing about their day.<p>

Letting out a huff of annoyance, Astrid made her way to the shop's door, and entered without even bothering to knock.

In her fit of anger, she didn't take note of the strewn pieces of paper that littered all the tables, depicting masterfully drawn inventions, or vividly sketched pictures of people and places around the island. All she saw was the drunken man sitting on the ground with a keg of mead held tightly against himself, staring into the embers of the forge.

"I don' work today. I don' wanna see anyone today," said Gobber, without looking to greet the newcomer.

"I'm not leaving until you properly fix my axe," said Astrid, dumping the shards and handle in front of him.

She expected anger, or silence, but she was not at all prepared for the look of hilarity that crossed the old smith's face.

"Aaah! A haha! Not such a _Divine Beauty_ anymore, is it?" Gobber giggled, taking another healthy swig of mead. "Certainly seen better days."

Astrid saw red. "Is this some kind of joke to you?" She demanded. _And boy does that seem familiar. _"I was lucky I was fighting a tree and not a dragon! I could probably take better care of it than what you're doing!"

It was the wrong thing to say and she knew it. The anger that she had attempted to prepare herself for was nothing compared to what erupted from the previously light-hearted drunk.

"Out, out, OUT!" Gobber bellowed, picking her up by the back of her shirt and tossing her out of his shop. "Ye have absolutely NO right to be upset about the quality of your axe when you noticed none of the quality for the smith who made it!"

That only confused her. _What does he mean?_

"Gobber I've been nothing but respectful towards you since the day we met!" she yelled back. Her cheeks flared red with embarrassment as people started to take notice.

A small crowd had gathered to see what the commotion was. It wasn't often Gobber physically tossed someone out of his shop. The previous year it would have been Hiccup being tossed around, but that was a daily occurrence and done more as a joking gesture between the two than out of anger. Yet while Gobber had been a bit unpleasant for the last year, he'd never openly yelled at anyone before.

"I didn't make yer bloody axe!" he yelled again, effectively stopping any other form of activity going on in the village. "I haven't had to forge a bloody axe or sword in five years! And any axe I made sure as hell ain't worth the title _Divine Beauty!_"

"What are you saying?" she asked, steadily becoming more and more confused as time went on.

Gobber didn't seem to have heard, but his eyes were suspiciously shiny as he quietly spoke.

"He only thought it was fair the axe be made and named to match the one who wielded it. It was his first weapon he ever made. I could have sworn I was looking at a mirage when he was done."

An unsettling feeling began to form in the bottom of her gut as Astrid started to fill in the missing pieces.

"Who made the axe Gobber?" she asked quietly, already half knowing what the answer was.

The blacksmith just scoffed at her. "He didn't just make _your_ axe, lass. He made _all_ the axes!"

"_Who_ Gobber? Who made the weapons?" she asked again, needing the answer, needing to confirm her worst fears.

All eyes were on the blacksmith as he slowly eyed each and every villager now gathered in the town square. Not a single noise was made in a group of well over fifty Vikings, and offhandedly, Astrid thought to tell Fishlegs to mark it down in the history book.

Her thoughts dissipated when his piercing gaze reached her, and lingered.

"Hiccup! Hiccup the _Useless_," he spat, in a tone that conveyed just how much he loathed the title given to his former apprentice.

Astrid felt her gut shrivel up and shatter. She didn't hear the gasps from the crowd, or see the ashamed looks everyone had. Noise was rushing through her ears as the blood drained from her face. Her vision was focused solely on the man in front of her, who for a moment, seemed to soften his gaze, just slightly, before turning to go into his shop, slamming the door behind him.

Her name was Astrid Hofferson, and now she understood.

* * *

><p>Hiccup POV<p>

In the kingdom of Arendelle, several hundred miles away, the morning was quite similar to Berk. The sun was just starting to rise above the mountain range to the east, and only the earliest birds were beginning to wake within the city. The kingdom was still sleeping, and not a sound was heard other than that of a repetitive _clang_ emanating from within the Haddock Farmstead, echoing through the empty streets.

In the year that Hiccup had been living there, the simple cottage he had purchased had been entirely rebuilt, from the ground up. What was once a modest, single story building with a kitchen, bedroom and living space, had been transformed into a two-story residence, with reinforced foundations and support beams to hold off against weather and the occasional rambunctious dragon.

In addition, an entire wing had been added to the home, designed to be similar, if not a little smaller, to the city forge.

The forge was an open space, laid out exactly how the city forge was, with only a few differences. One being a suspiciously large burnt spot in the corner of the room, the other, a large cellar door in the adjacent corner.

Hiccup had decided that if he was going to be collecting his wolf pelts, he would need a place to put them, and had dug out, with the help of Toothless, a large, square hole that he furnished into storage room. The room was only outfitted with two large sets of shelves in the middle of the floor space that held some of the more pure colored furs, mainly solid white and solid black, with the rest being piled against the walls, or hung up.

Since Hiccup had started defending the farms against wolves nearly nine months before, he had become very adept at hunting on his own. It was something he had latched onto early on, as he did not want to

have to depend on Toothless to fight all his battles for him.

With that in mind, Hiccup glanced up from his work to look at the "Fire-Sword" schematics he had currently sitting on a desk in his study. The finished project would be quite spectacular, if he was being honest with himself. He only needed to find make a trip back to the archipelago soon to gather the proper dragon materials.

It was because of this trip that Hiccup was now readying his house for visitors, well visitor, instead of heading to work.

He had known Agdar for an entire year now, and had come to view him as more of a father figure than a simple friend. Due to this, he found it to be the right time to open up about his life, and the scaly friend that was a part of it.

Not only that, but Hiccup wanted to show him his projects, and there was an abundance of them that were dragon related. The work at the forge and around the town were his way of doing the small things, but he wanted to do more. He was doing more, if the main room of his house was anything to consider.

What was once the main living space of the house had been turned into a large room dedicated to being his private office. The walls were lined with plans for improvements on the town, armor designs, and weapon schematics, but the main aspect of the room was the table in the middle. It was a simple wooden rectangle measuring at about a dozen feet in length and half as wide. The table itself was nothing grand, but what rested upon it was nothing short of amazing.

On a single, expansive sheet of paper, were the beginnings of a rather detailed map of Arendelle and the surrounding regions. What had been mapped so far was only between Arendelle and Berk. The islands that dotted the region and the coast line he had followed upon arrival were expertly drawn, as well as several hunting paths that he had come across during his off time in the woods.

He wanted to get a sense of the surrounding areas though, and he knew that Agdar was at least slightly informed about the areas in question. He wanted to make it a political map, showing the surrounding kingdoms and each of their ties to one another, as well as labeling the trade routes between them all, but to do that, he had to have the information, and he didn't.

A loud pounding on the roof brought him out of his thoughts, and he couldn't help but laugh.

"Hold on bud, I need to finish sweeping the floor!" he called.

A resounding thud was returned in response, shaking the house and, much to Hiccups chagrin, causing dust and dirt to fall onto his previously clean floor.

Hiccup could only sigh at his disastrous attempt at cleaning house, muttering something about useless reptiles and selfish lizards before giving up and going outside.

He had told Toothless the day before about his plan to introduce the two to each other. He supposed it had gotten through to the dragon, because he had seemed rather excited to meet someone else from his

rider's life. Unfortunately, the 'Black Nuisance', as Hiccup had been referring to him as for the entire morning, had no concept of patience, and assumed that Hiccup was simply stalling from allowing him to meet the person.

"For the last time, Bud!" Hiccup exclaimed upon leaving his house. "He will get here when he gets here. I'm not doing this to torture you, honestly. Its nerve-racking enough on myself as it is."

Toothless merely rolled his eyes and huffed out, what Hiccup would bet his morning bread on, was _Excuses._

Hiccup threw his arms out in an exasperated attempt to get through to the beast.

"I don't control his life Toothless! And even when he get's here, we're going to have to play this carefully. I don't want him freaking out."

The dragon crooned sadly, bowing his head and looking positively hurt.

Hiccup's frustration completely faded away and he immediately tried to soothe his friend.

"Hey bud, it isn't you. I know you're wonderful, and I'm betting he'll think so too. But us humans? We're afraid of what we don't know, and dragons are pretty high on that list."

Toothless looked up from the ground and stared at him, before closing his eyes and presenting his snout. Hiccup finished the gesture of trust, putting his palm on the dragons head, eliciting a hum of happiness from him.

"That's right bud," he said softly, scratching him under the chin. "It's all about trust, and I trust him. But more importantly, I trust you. I know you won't hurt him."

Toothless warbled in agreement, before licking him in the face and prancing off to where he was supposed to wait.

"Ugh, I'll never get used to that" Hiccup grimaced, trying in vain to wipe off the saliva.

Not exactly an ideal way to show off your pet dragon, he thought to himself.

He got a clear picture of him running towards Agdar dripping in dragon spit saying "Hi! Come meet my fire-breathing reptile that totally doesn't think I'm delicious tasting!" The though was ridiculous enough he laughed out-loud as he walked to the front of the house and was met with the figure of Agdar staring at him, slightly weirded out and more than a little amused at the state of his attire.

"Ughhhh," he started, looking wide eyed at his visitor.

"Erm, Hiccup? What are you covered in?"

"We'll get to that," Hiccup replied quickly, cutting off the discussion. "For now though, would you like to come in? I have a few things I want to tell you," He said, gesturing for Agdar to walk inside.

His nerves had him trying to keep himself busy, secretly thanking Toothless for recreating a mess to clean up on the floor. He had planned all day yesterday and today about starting this meeting, but he had given little thought on how to broach the topic. Fear was beginning to take a hold of him, and a list of 'what if's' began to form in his mind. What if Agdar wouldn't listen? What if he was like Stoick and gave him a disappointed scowl at the sight of his differences?

He must have looked as nervous as he felt, because a sturdy hand rested itself upon the broom he was using, steadying his body he had not realized was shaking.

"What's on your mind, Hiccup? I've never seen you this shaken. Did something happen? Are you in trouble?" Agdar pressed, furrowing his brow.

Hiccup felt a little guilty for causing his friend so much distress, but the concern he showed did wonders in tearing down his building anxiety. Agdar accepted Hiccup the Useless. He'd accept this too.

Hopefully.

"I know I haven't been completely forthcoming about my past, Agdar, and I apologize."

The man looked like he was about to reply, but Hiccup held up a hand. He needed to finish this before he lost the confidence to do so.

"You know of my heritance, you know of my home. But you don't know why I left. Not really."

Hiccup silently told him to follow, as he made his way to his office. A sharp intake in breath had him turning around in alarm, praying he hadn't seen Toothless quite yet, but relief flooded through him as he took on his friend's look of wonder at his surroundings.

"In short, I left because I was different," he stated, regaining the man's attention. "This room is enough proof of that."

"I knew you lead a troubled life on Berk, Hiccup. Anyone who saw you that first day could have put that together. I mean seriously, you came in and looked and smelled like a wet dog."

The laugh that came was so sudden and so loud that even Hiccup was surprised by its ferocity. Even as he tried to speak, he was taking in huge gulps of air.

"Thankâ€"Thank you for summing that up," he finally managed to say.

A slightly awkward silence settled in after that, and Agdar took the time to take in the room. Hiccup watched him, gauging his reactions

when he saw something he thought was especially interesting.

It was a rare moment for Hiccup to learn something about his friend. He knew he must live somewhere in the city, and that he had 2 daughters and a loving wife, and he knew from experience that he was a kindhearted man with an aura of wisdom that was ever present. Other than that though, was up to implications and observation, so Hiccup decided to take it in.

He was happy to note that the man was taking in every single square inch of the room, slowly absorbing all that was shown. His eyes only seemed to widen as he looked over the improved armor and weapon designs. It struck Hiccup as a little odd that he would focus on the schematics to improve the city guard, but he supposed it could just be man's fascination with weaponry.

It was when he turned towards the table to look at it for the first time that he made a noise. It came out as a strangled gasp and a sigh of what Hiccup could have placed as longing.

"My gods, this is beautiful," he breathed, slowly tracing the lines of Arendelle with a reverence that swelled Hiccup's chest with pride.

"It's not finished, but you could probably guess that," he replies.

Agdar wordlessly nods as he takes another look at the map. "I can tell these distances and lines are correct, but I've never seen such accuracy before, especially not all on one map."

Saying this, he looks up from the map with a questioning and confused expression.

"How did you make this?"

The question brought all the nervousness back and the air seemed to become dense with anticipation and by Thor _when did it get so hot in here?_

"I uh, well, had a pretty good view, up in the sky."

Agdar looks at him blankly. "I'm sorry, I'm confused. You mean to tell me you can fly?"

"No, no not me," Hiccup corrects, laughing weakly. "That would be crazy. I erm, I rode a dragon."

Agdar looked at Hiccup as if he'd grown a second head. "You rode a _dragon?!_ You mean the beasts that raid your village? You don't seriously expect me to believe this, do you?"

Hiccup sighed with exhaustion. What did he expect? Agdar to believe something as far-fetched as being able to ride a dragon without proof?

"Let me show you," he said quietly.

"Show me?"

"Let me show you my dragon," he clarified, gesturing for him to follow him out back.

Agdar seemed to be completely flustered as he followed the boy outside.

"Show me?! You brought it here?!"

"Where else was I supposed to let him live? He was running away as much as I was. Besides, I'd hardly let my best friend live on his own."

"Hiccup!" Agdar said, grabbing the boy by the shoulder to stop him from going further outside. "Are you out of your mind? It's a wild animal! What if it turns vicious on you?"

"It's a he, and he's hardly vicious. Mostly he's just a large, scaly dog. He only gets nervous if you start threatening him with weapons. Even that's due to how he grew up, and not because of what he is."

Hiccup gently removed his friend's hand, and walked into the clearing.

"Come on out bud, the guy I told you about is here."

A slight _thump_ could be heard and Hiccup chuckled to himself. _Of course_ he'd been on the roof listening. Nosy lizard.

Toothless slowly made his way around to the back of the house, and came to sit on his hind legs next to Hiccup. He stared at Agdar curiously, eyes dilated, silently judging the man in front of him.

* * *

><p>Agdar's POV<p>

When Hiccup had told him he had ridden a dragon, his first imagined scenario had been that of a threatening, terrifying creature bred from helheim, casting a murderous glare that petrified even the bravest warriors.

He was not expecting an apparently docile animal looking at him with such a high level of intelligence, that you could clearly see that the dragon was actually _waiting_ for him to react.

Agdar glanced over at Hiccup, who seemed to be standing there nervously, and in a moment of clarity, Agdar saw just how terrified the boy was right now. He understood now why he left his home, the fear of rejection and being labeled a traitor pushing him to leave. Now he realized that Hiccup was trusting him with his greatest secret. Something that could bite back and hurt him, which could push him away again.

He smiled, still unsure about what to do, and tried to make light of the situation.

"So ugh, does he have a name?"

Hiccup released a breath of relief, and Agdar saw how his body

completely relaxed. A grin split on the boy's face that spanned from ear to ear and he nodded enthusiastically. "Yea, his name is Toothless."

_What? _

"Hiccup you tame a dragon to ride and your first instinct is to name it _Toothless?_" Agdar asked incredulously.

The dragon in question warbled and Agdar knew for a certain he was laughing. Whether or not it was at him, or Hiccup, he wasn't quite sure. All of a sudden though, Toothless stopped and stared directly at him, before his mouth slowly opened into a gummy smile that was uncharacteristically adorable for such a large, fearsome beast.

"He has no teeth," he stated dumbly, and damnit if he wasn't embarrassed about his response. He was a king for goodness sakes. He could be more articulate than that.

He jumped back in surprise when, instead of Hiccup answering, Toothless took initiative and a set of razor sharp, pearly white teeth popped into existence.

"This is fascinating! Hiccup this is, it's, I don't even have words! You ride a dragon!"

He completely ignored the smug look on the boy's face, instead focusing on the magnificent creature in front of him.

"I guess that why you live outside the city."

Hiccup laughed, and nodded in agreement. "It also explains why I looked like a wet dog. White puffy clouds? Really, really damp."

"And what of this?" he asked, gesturing to the boys current state of attire.

It was in that moment that Toothless decided he liked the man in front of him, and told him so by licking the side of his head.

Hiccup looked horrified, but the moment was just too surreal for Agdar to feel anything but humor and excitement. If anything, it only solidified that the dragon was indeed, real.

Trying and failing to hold in all of his laughter, he shook his head in acceptance.

"Right, that would explain it."

"Toothless! You know that doesn't wash out! He's got a family to go home to! He doesn't need your saliva dripping all over him!" Hiccup exclaimed, chastising the guilty looking dragon.

Agdar could tell Hiccup was still nervous about making a good impression, the boy was really too serious for his own good.

"Hiccup it's fine, I'm not about to throw you to the wolves."

He shrugged and scratching the back of his neck, replied with a weak smile. "I don't think you could, they avoid the area like the plague."

Agdar laughed at the joke, and Hiccup's face quickly changed to match his serious tone.

"I'm leaving for a bit, a week or so. I need to collect some things from the north. It shouldn't take long, but I wanted to let you know about how I'm leaving so you don't start sending people to look for me."

An instinctual fear of something happening to the boy hit Agdar with such ferocity that he had to physically turn his head away for a moment.

He cleared the lump in his throat before responding. "I understand that, and I thank you," he replied, turning back to look Hiccup in the eyes. He knew how much of a burden the boy was carrying. He felt honored to have the lads trust.

"Seriously, thank you for trusting me with this."

Hiccup beamed. "You're welcome! I was also wondering if you'd be able to help me with the map? I'm not very informed about borders and the likes, and I wanted to draw up the politics of the land as well, instead of just the geography."

Agdar couldn't even begin to comprehend the immense sense of pride he had for this boy. This boy no older than sixteen had more drive to help others than anyone else he'd met. Did he not understand how unique that was? How special? If he could provide any form of help to Hiccup, he most certainly would. It just so happened he was quite familiar with the topic at hand. An expert, even, if he did say so himself.

"Well let's take a look, shall we?" he asked, waving an inviting hand over to the map.

Hiccup scurried over quickly to the table, a charcoal pencil in hand and wide, innocent green eyes ready to learn looking up at him, and as he began pointing out things that Hiccup wanted to know, he smiled softly.

This was Arendelle's future. He thought to himself. Agdar knew in some form or another, Hiccup would lead Arendelle into something spectacular.

* * *

><p>Sooooo How'd you like it? Little longer than usual, and we finally got to see how Berk is doing. Not much has changed yet, but give it time. Anyway, tell me how you liked it, how you disliked it, the whole shibang. I'd love to hear about it :)

5. Chapter 5

**Woah there, could it be? I finally got my act together and finished the elusive Chapter 5? Heck yea it is! **

****Hey guys, sorry that I've been horrifically absent for the past month. Writers Block, on top of school work, on top of Video Games, has taken its toll on me. I will try to get updates in more often than my track record has shown recently, but bare with me on that, it isn't a guarantee. What IS a guarantee is that I am absolutely not abandoning this story. It's been hibernating, hopefully it's well rested now.****

****So without anymore hindrance, here you go :) (I don't own a dragon nor do I have ice powers.) ****

* * *

><p>Chapter 5<p>

I'm a coward.

The thought had been circulating through the King of Arendelle's head for the past year, and damn if it wasn't true.

_Gods, has it already been a year? _

The thought had him pausing from the insistent pacing he had previously been doing, though the epiphany seemed to only strengthen the opinion of himself. An entire year of knowing Hiccup's entire life story, along with the greatest kept secret a child of the north could possibly carry. Yet when Agdar put himself in Hiccup's place, as he had been trying to find the courage to do since that sunny morning a year ago, he found he was unable to return in kind. He just couldn't find it in himself to tell Hiccup the truth about his life.

In the beginning, it had been simply been a form of precaution. He didn't know exactly why Hiccup had run away, and despite looking like a scrawny, defenseless child, Agdar knew from the beginning that the boy was more than he seemed. He only proved himself right every time he observed him doing something. Anything really. Yet after a few months, that reason had changed. Hiccup had finally told him about his life in Berk, and how he had been neglected and bullied, all while his father did nothing.

It scared Agdar to think Hiccup might be less inclined to talk to him if he knew he was also in a leadership position.

And neglecting his own children.

In the back of his mind, he knew the thought was ridiculous. Hiccup was nothing, if not accepting, but the seed of doubt had already been firmly planted. He wouldn't jeopardize the relationship he had come to treasure. He'd even gone so far as to tell the citizens of Arendelle, that knew of Hiccup's friendship with him, to keep his status a secret.

Agdar knew it was selfish, but he wanted to have a small part of life that wasn't attached to his title. Hiccup just made it so _difficult._ Everything the boy did only reminded Agdar of the Viking's origin. The son of a chief.

It baffled the king, really. How could the boyâ€"no â€" the man, not

see his born talent for leadership? If it had been any other person, Agdar may have felt a bit panicked at how much sway Hiccup held over the people. But it was Hiccup. He hardly even noticed the lingering looks that the younger girls his age gave him, and his authority was only so strong because he never really used it. If he wanted something done, he either did it himself, or nervously asked someone to help him, repeatedly assuring them that it would be for their benefit as much as it was his.

It would have been amusing, if there wasn't that underlying fear of rejection that still haunted his green eyes. It was less frequent nowadays, but Agdar still noticed. You couldn't help but notice. Hiccup had the most expressive eyes he had ever seen. Quite frankly, they were beautiful, and Agdar was sure his unofficial fan-club knew it. Before Hiccup, Agdar had never seen the word "swoon" in action before. Now? It was a daily occurrence.

In the two years Hiccup had been here, he had not only grown a head taller, putting him just above six feet, but the steady flow of his improved diet had him filling out to be rather muscular, in a lithe, panther sort of way. To call him a fishbone now would be a bold faced lie. Not that Hiccup even noticed.

That got a chuckle out of the King. Even if he did notice, Agdar knew he'd only be thinking about how to apply his newfound strength to helping others.

That's what his current frustration boiled down to though. Hiccup was all those things. Courageous, gentle, generous to a fault, and intelligent way beyond his years. The kind of person Agdar wanted to succeed him. The kind of person he wanted to be.

But he wasn't.

Sure he was kind, and ruled the kingdom with a just fairness that was accepted by the people, but he lacked courage. His cowardice had led him to hiding his daughter away from the world, and it was what stopped him from opening up to Hiccup.

Agdar finally sighed in defeat, shoulders slumped as he held an empty stare out the window.

"Father?" said a small voice.

The king turned to see his eldest daughter Elsa staring at him with concern. It broke his heart, seeing the constant fear in her eyes. It reminded him how similar Elsa was to Hiccup, though for different reasons.

He wondered how they would interact with each other, if they ever met. Normally Agdar would be wary of who he allowed to see his daughters, but he would be lying if he said he never thought about Hiccup being part of the family. He'd come to see him as a son.

No father wants to give their daughter away, but with Hiccup? There was no doubt in his mind that Elsa would be cherished. He'd talk to Idun about it later.

A quiet clearing of the throat brought him out of his musings, and he returned his full attention to his daughter.

"I'm sorry, dear. My mind was elsewhere. Is there something you'd like to talk about?"

Elsa at this point looked a little nervous and while that in itself isn't anything new, the fact that her face was a tinge red with embarrassment was.

"Arâ€"Are you sure you have to go?"

Right. The wedding.

Agdar let out a sigh, absentmindedly running a hand through his already mussed up hair.

The wedding of the Lost Princess of Corona had been the center of talk throughout the kingdoms for coming on half a year now. Attending the wedding was not only expected, but as a king, necessary. Something that frustrated the man to no end.

It wasn't that he disliked Corona, in fact his sister was Queen, and so there would be no lack of pleasant conversations. They had a lot of catching up to do, after all. However, there was the matter of his daughters, who would be staying behind.

He had absolute faith that they could survive the month long journey, but he knew that both would be miserable.

He hoped after the trip, things would get better. He had lied to Elsa and Anna, when telling them the trip should take about a month and the pang of guilt hit him harder than he thought it would.

The trip would only take a couple weeks, but Agdar wanted to stop by Berk on the way back. His curiosity about what kind of living conditions Hiccup had gone through was a growing flame without any sign of being snuffed out.

What would it take to drive that stubborn and determined of a kid away? Sure he knew the dragon was a part of his decision to leave, but Hiccup had given the impression, even if he wasn't aware, that the thought of leaving had crossed his mind before Toothless even entered theâ€"

"Father?"

Agdar jumped. "I'm sorry Elsa, forgive me," he said, praying he didn't look weird as he tried to reassure his daughter.

"You'll be fine Elsa, and when we return, we're going to have a talk about your future, okay?" he said, hurriedly adding the last part before his mind could filter what his mouth should say.

The comment dissipated the fear, and he could see the beginnings of a piqued curiosity trying to break through her guarded features. The change in demeanor made him quite glad to have tactlessly told her part of his plan.

For a moment, he thought she might be reachable, and with a reassuring smile, he stepped forward to hug his daughter. She must have seen his intentions though, because the curiosity faded, and the

ever present fear returned in full force, as she clasped her hand behind her back, and nodded to him, before returning to her room.

The king had to force himself not to let the tears fall, after she was gone. How he wished to just scoop up his little girl, and tell her everything was going to be okay. It killed him to see her so afraid of hurting the people she loves, that she refused to touch them.

He decided then and there that he would put his plan into effect after he returned. If anyone could find a way to deal to Elsa's growing powers, it was Hiccup.

I just hope he agrees to help after he learns the truth about meâ€|

* * *

><p>Toothless POV<p>

As Agdar, unknowing to Hiccup, contemplated the future, the Viking boy was making groundbreaking discoveries.

"This is unbelievable! Absolutely _unbelievable!_"_

The black dragon sitting in the corner huffed in exasperation. He'd heard his human friend saying the same thing for a good hour at this point. What's worse, was that it wasn't involving the amazingness that is a night fury, but a lowly gronckle.

The boy was currently swinging a sword at other random metal pieces that were littered around the workshop. Swords and axes he had spent countless hours on, were now completely useless, as they had been cut through like warm butter by the weapon he currently held.

Toothless just rolled his eyes at his boy's antics. What was so special about gronckle throw-up anyway? So what if it was stronger than any metal? He was a _dragon._ He could beat any pointy stick.

"Toothless, isn't this great?! Think of all we could do with this new metal!"

The Night Fury turned to see Hiccup looking at him expectantly with a full, toothy smile and bright eyes that had been noticeably more common in the recent months. It made him happy, but still, couldn't his reason for being happy be because of him? He knew he was being childish, but he did what he had to do.

He rolled his eyes and looked away.

"Toothlessâ€"Bud? Areâ€"are you _pouting?"_ Hiccup asked incredulously.

The dragon snorted, turning to glare at the boy, who had the audacity to ask him such a question. So what if it was true? You don't ask a Night Fury that sort of thing.

"You _are_ pouting! What's a matter big baby boo?" the Viking

teased.

Toothless just grunted before turning so he was facing fully away from his rider.

"That's how it's gonna be huh, bud? A shame too, I was hoping to use this metal on your saddle."

That got the dragon's attention. What was wrong with his saddle? It was comfortable, and well, it was his. It just screamed perfection!

Hiccup seemed to carry on without knowing the thoughts that filled the dragon's mind, feigning resignation and moving to leave the room.

"Yea, you're probably right. What was I thinking? You wouldn't want your saddle to be any lighter than it is already. And that new tailfin design? I mean, who wants to be able to move better? Could pull a muscle you haven't used a lot recently."

Toothless had his human pinned to the ground before he could make it out the door, eyes pleading and ears flattened against his head, cooing his apologies as hard as he could.

"No, no you're right Toothless. Don't fix what isn't broken, right?"

Nooooooooooooooooo!

Toothless gave one final groan of anguish before going limp above his friend.

"Oof! Okay! Okay! Toothless I'll do it you crazy beast, justâ€¦.get offâ€¦.can't breathe."

That had the dragon scrambling to find purchase on the smooth stone floor, and his frantic movements caused him to slip back onto Hiccup.

The boy laughed and hugged the Night Fury's head. "I thought you'd see it that way. No one can resist my brillianceâ€¦"Ugh! Toothless! What the hel!"

Toothless just warbled out a laugh at the now saliva-covered boy, who was now fruitlessly trying to dry his features. Both stilled at the voice that came from the door.

"Hiccup, you there?"

* * *

><p>Agdar POV<p>

The king stood in the doorframe of Hiccup's main room, staring amusedly at the scene in front of him.

"We really have to stop meeting like this."

Hiccup just laughed, and pushed the eager dragon off to get

up.

"It's not likely to happen. The damn lizard takes every opportunity make me uncomfortable," he said, waving his hand in an animated fashion towards Toothless.

Toothless seemed to agree, and to prove the point, smacked Hiccup over the back of the head before walking out of the house.

Agdar couldn't help but think about how different the boy acted when in his own home. Instead of the polite, yet guarded man that the people had come to love, he was just an average teenager that lived with his reptilian best friend.

Right, Agdar snorted. _ Normal._

"And what caused the damn lizard to show his affection this time?"

It must have been the right question, because his face brightened considerably, dragon slobber temporarily forgotten.

"Oh yea! Agdar you won't_ believe_ this!" Hiccup said, picking up the sword and handing it hilt first to the man.

Agdar was a little confused. The sword wasn't bad looking, but he couldn't see anything unnatural about it. It looked like a plain short sword.

"Go on, take it," Hiccup encouraged. "Swing it around!"

The king shrugged, and gripped the hilt.

His mind went blank after that. He had _seen_ Hiccup's hand drop from the blade, and had prepared for the increased weight distribution, only to find it hadn't gotten any heavier. The sword was as light as a feather.

"Hiccupâ€¦Something is wrong with the sword," he said lamely. A battle tactician, he was not.

"It's too light right? Here, take a swipe at this, as hard as you can."

Hiccup held up another sword, noticeably heavier than the one he was carrying. Agdar was still dubious, but decided to entertain the Viking a little longer, and did as he asked.

Swinging as hard as he could, Hiccup doing the same, the blades met between the two, but that was as close to normal the scenario ever reached. Instead of the familiar clang of two blades meeting, there was a scraping sound and a resonating _snap_ of the heavier blade snapping in two clean pieces.

Amusement changed to bewilderment as Agdar slowly took in the damage done by his previously thought to be useless weapon. He almost apologized to Hiccup for breaking the sword, until he saw the almost gleeful face the boy was wearing. Though his eyes weren't directed at Agdar, but at the sword in his hand.

Looking down, his bewilderment added incredulity. The blade didn't even have a scratch on it.

"Odin's Beardâ€|" he breathed.

Hiccup snickered at the rare use of language by the man, but Agdar couldn't even find it in himself to look sheepish.

Looking with wide eyes, Agdar turned to face Hiccup.

"How did you make this? Hiccup this is _unbelievable!_"

Hiccup, bless him, looked simply_ bashful_.

"It wasn't that hard really. You remember that gronckle that followed me back from my trip last year?"

Agdar nodded, thinking about the abhorrently lazy dragon that ate rocks as a source of nutrients. It had decided that Hiccup was its mother or something, because it followed him around constantly for the first day or so after he had returned.

"Anyway, there is a common rock up in the mountains that our dear friend Rockpie likes to munch on. It doesn't digest well though, so he ends up spitting it out after an hour or so. But by then, it's malleable."

It took a few moments to process what Hiccup had just told him, but it clicked and he burst out laughing.

"Ah-ha ha, This is made by gronckle vomit?! _I can't believe it!_"

A loud groan accompanied that statement, and they heard an irritated thump of a dragon from the floor above. Hiccup smirked at it, but didn't act on it, so Agdar concluded that he knew what the reason was, and wasn't worried.

"I know right? I thought about talking to Hadvar about getting a commission from the King to re-arm his guards. Arendelle doesn't really have an army, at least not that I've seen, but we could prepare the city guards for any possible threat the future could bring."

Agdar could only stare at him. Hiccup had just made the single most impressive blade from here to the northern side of the archipelago, and he was just willing to give it to others? Was there anything this boy would be selfish about?

His silence must have discouraged the boy though, because he started to shrug a little less heartfelt, trying to talk himself out of doing something so "stupid".

"Wait, no Hiccup, sorry. That's a great idea, really, I'm just surprised you would want to," he said, trying to find words to show how he felt.

It was Hiccup's turn to look puzzled and bewildered. "Why wouldn't I want to help strengthen Arendelle? It's my home."

To get rid of the suspicious itchiness around his eyes, Agdar shook

his head, giving an emotion-filled huff as he was assaulted with that warm feeling that he had come to associate with the antics of Hiccup Haddock.

"You are an extraordinary man, Hiccup. It's inspiring, quite frankly."

Hiccup turned bright red, and he lowered his gaze to try and cover his embarrassment behind his bangs, but Agdar knew underneath all that, Hiccup was proud of what he'd done.

"Thanks Agdar, that means a lot to me. I just need to figure out how to gain an audience with the King."

He froze.

This is your chance, Agdar.

The confession was on the tip of his tongue, all he needed to do was say the words. Yet as he looked into Hiccup's expressive green eyes, he could all too clearly envision the hurt and betrayal that his words may bring. If he was going to do this, he needed to be here while Hiccup processed the information, not off drinking a cocktail with the duke of Wesleton.

So, swallowing the cold lump in his throat, he decided to go half way.

"I'm going away for a few weeks, but when I return, we'll see what we can do about having your idea brought to royal family, okay?"

It was all he could do not to sag in relief when Hiccup mumbled his consent before turning to clean up the mess on the floor. It gave him a month to prepare for not only Hiccup's learning of the truth, but to figure out how to ask him for help with Elsa if he hadn't already run away at that point.

The mere thought of that happening had his chest constricting and he was struck with a realization.

"I love you as a son, you know."

He wasn't even aware the words had been spoken out loud until Hiccup turned around to face him, just as surprised at his words as he was himself.

What was it with kids that rendered his filter useless?

"I, erm. I don't know what to say," Hiccup stated quietly, before turning to face the bench, fingers subconsciously picking at a blemish in the woodwork as he thought about what to respond with. Failing to do that, his breathing started to become ragged and irregular, as his hands turned bone white from gripping the bench, trying to maintain the control he had held for so long.

Agdar could see the breakdown coming, and throwing caution to the wind, gathered the boy in his arms just as the tears started flowing.

As the body of Hiccup shuddered from the release of emotions that had

been unknowingly bottled up for close to half a decade, the king held him patiently, without making a noise. This was what he had hoped to do with Elsa earlier that very same day, and despite initially doing it for the sake of Hiccup, Agdar couldn't help but feel satisfied with the outcome as well.

After a few more moments, Hiccup pulled back and wiped his eyes, sniffing in a way that reminded Agdar just how young Hiccup really was.

It only lasted a second though, as his back straightened and, in Agdar thought was his way of getting past the previous moments vulnerability, offered his hand out in a very business-like manner.

"Until you return then?" he asked, only hints of the thick voice that he had used earlier.

Agdar took the offered hand and as they shook, he smiled.

"Until I return."

* * *

><p>Again, writers block was hurting me, so I don't particularly love this chapter. Tell me how you liked it, hated it, what you want to see, your hopes, dreams, fears. Everything.

Thank you all for the continuous support. It makes me happy to see reviews in my inbox, even after so long between updates. You guys rock, see you soon. 3

6. Chapter 6

****Disclaimer: I'd rather not die, so please, don't hate me.****

****Second Disclaimer: I'm not a dragon rider, nor do I control the weather.****

****Wowzers! Been awhile eh? There really isn't an excuse. I stopped having writers block a couple months ago, I just got so sucked into reading other stories and doing other things that I never sat down to write this chapter. But it's here now, and hopefully my Creative Writing course I'm taking this semester will encourage me to keep better update times.**

>

****One last thing. This story's rating is going to come into question (much) later on in the story. While I have no issue writing M, as it's typically the level I read at anyway, I want to know whether or not you guys wanted to see a more thought out romance between Elsa and Hiccup. If I decide to go M, I will write things a little differently so that we may see more of that progression (not that there won't be a lot already)******
>

****But if I keep it T, I move on to other parts and draw focus elsewhere. So let me know! Sorry for the long AN, here is the story.**

Let me know how you like it! (or hate it D:)**

* * *

><p>Chapter 6<p>

The promise Agdar had made had kept Hiccup with high hopes and pleasant thoughts of his future. Being able to proficiently work at a forge was great, but helping the royal family outfit the kingdom's military? That was a completely different animal. For an entire week, when he wasn't helping Hadvar at the forge, he was munching on some of Helen's bread, slaving over possible designs for armor to outfit the city guards. Arendelle was peaceful, but they weren't ignorant to dangers that could potentially lead to their ruin, and Hiccup knew better than most how to appropriately defend one's home. His ancestors had been doing so for the past 300 years.

Weeks went by, and Hiccup's attention focus shifted to how he himself could help protect the town. It had been two and a half years since he had come to Arendelle, and his observing mind had picked up on all the patrol routes throughout the city. The guards covered the city well, but it wasn't completely covered. This bothered him, as did all things that put his city in potential danger, and he wanted to help.

The only way to help however, was to patrol the city himself, which, when riding the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, especially under the cover of night, didn't raise too much of a problem.

Toothless would certainly get enjoyment out of it. Hiccup thought, as he fiddled with a piece of leather, etching a design into a shoulder guard. The dragon loved to fly, and giving him an excuse to fly every night for a few hours would definitely ease the guilt Hiccup had for not being able to keep his dragon company more often.

The only issue with the patrolling idea, was himself. Sure it may be dark, and he'll be in the sky, but if actual problems arise, he would need to protect himself from both danger and being seen.

Hiccup glanced at his flight suit that lay in pieces over his desk. The original design was only made for helping him fight the elements, mainly wind and rain, but after going over the design, Hiccup had been able to effectively cover himself with hard black leather armor. The leather was light, but had been covered with dragon scales that Toothless had shed over the years, giving it just as much protection from arrows as a normal dragon hide.

It was then that Toothless, who had been dozing off in the corner while Hiccup worked on stylizing the suit, suddenly sneezed.

Hiccup knew a lot about dragons, probably more than anyone else, and he was certain of one thing. Night Furies never miss. Except when they sneeze. He had found out quickly that his scaled brother in all but blood had a nasty habit of shooting out a projectile sneeze, which could go in any random direction with any random amount of strength and force behind the shot.

It just so happened that this time, the shot was directed towards the

armor that lay on the table. Initially, Hiccup cried out at the injustice to the world, and moved to scold his dragon for ruining two weeks' worth of work, when he looked to see the amount of damage that had been done.

There, lying on top of his now scorched desk, was his flight suit, completely unharmed by the blast. It seemed that while Hiccup knew the most about Night Furies, he didn't know everything.

Night Fury scales were completely impenetrable to Night Fury fire. Go figure.

* * *

><p>It had been a month and a half since Agdar had left, and Hiccup was worried. The storm that had taken place two weeks before was nasty, one that had forced him and Toothless to abandon their planned trip to the archipelago for more supplies. Not only that, but apparently the King and Queen had been coming back from a wedding in Corona during the storm, and hadn't come out of the storm they foolishly sailed into.<p>

Hiccup knew little of the royal family, but he knew they were a fair and just people who watched over Arendelle, even if it was behind closed doors. The day they had been declared dead had been a somber, and depressing one. While the day before had been an unsuspecting spring day, filled with sunshine and high temperatures, the day of the declaration had been anything but.

* * *

><p>Hadvar POV<p>

The old blacksmith sat comfortably in his chair in the corner, surveying what he jokingly called his Kingdom, something that he remembers amusing the late King many years before. While his death deeply saddened the old man, Hadvar was worried more about his apprentice. Hiccup didn't know Agdar was the king, and while the blacksmith wished he could tell him of his surrogate father's death, Agdar had made him promise not say anything. Only now, Hiccup would never know, and Hadvar had to watch the fear, sadness and uncertainty take root in the young man's eyes.

He knew Hiccup hid his troubles from others, putting the city before his own needs, but the man, who was really still just a boy, seemed to carry the world on his shoulders. It was times like this when Hadvar would grow upset towards his majesty. The man's cowardice was causing pain to the ones he cared about the most.

When Hadvar looked around to find his apprentice, he couldn't help the smile that broke out on his face. In the midst of all that was going on, between the funeral arrangements, the rather dismal weather, and the increased workload that seemed to have popped up earlier on in the week, Hiccup was finally making friends.

Rain poured heavily, increasing the already quite loud atmosphere of the Arendelle forge. The stray dog, who had been at constant odds with Hiccup over Helen's beloved bread, was curled up next to the furnace keeping nice and dry. The sight wasn't all that uncommon in and of itself, but Hiccup was sitting next to it, stroking its coat

and actually sharing the bread he had fought tooth and nail over since he first started working.

"It's no wonder the weather has gone to hel," he said in a gruff voice. He kept his stern look focused on the boy until he finally looked up from the mutt in his lap, confused at the comment.

"You? Making friends with your mortal enemy? I thought I'd never see the day!"

His apprentice gave him a mock look of offence before begrudgingly admitting that the joke was funny. He waved his hands in defeat at the forge master, before replying with that nasally tone that everyone found so endearing.

"Yea yea, laugh all you want. I know how to make friends, you know. The skill isn't that hard to figure out," he said, giving an annoyed huff before returning his attention to the dog.

"Oh sure, making friends isn't very hard, but I wonder when you'll decide to challenge yourself and actually make friends with a human being. Thor's already angry with this turn of events as it is, I fear Ragnorak may occur when that happens," the blacksmith replied, laughing at his own joke.

In truth, he did worry about the boy's solitude. He was a very personable lad, always getting along with everyone. Hadvar couldn't think of a single person who hated the Haddock boy, and yet Hiccup didn't attempt any form of bonding with the townsfolk.

Hiccup carried on with the conversation, unaware of the blacksmiths thoughts. "Har-har, you're hilarious. I'll have you know I'm pretty good pals with that Kristoff fellow. He was in hear the other day looking to fix part of his sleigh, we ended up getting drinks afterwards, talking about his reindeer."

The blacksmith leveled him an unimpressed look. "That's impressive. You decide out of all the people in the city, including the swarms of girls who would just love to get to know you," he paused, winking at the blushing lad before continuing, "that you want to be friends with the only other person in the village, who likes animals better than actual people. Good job there laddie, I'm deeply impressed."

"Hey!" Hiccup said in defense. "Sven happens to be a very interesting companion! The way he talks for the reindeer is a little strange, but at least he's an honest guy. He doesn't let what people say get to him, I can respect that."

Hadvar shook his head in mock exasperation, though on the inside he was proud of the boy. There would come a time where he would no longer be there to watch over him, and he only wanted the lad to have companions to seek comfort from during rough times when he was no longer there to offer it himself.

Hiccup Haddock had become a man, and there would come a time when a woman would eventually catch his eye. He only prayed the girl had enough patience to deal with the lad's oddities. The thought made the old man laugh.

He ignored the weird look Hiccup gave him.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV<p>

It was around midday when a finely dressed man walked into the shop. Though he was dressed in the colors of the royal house, he appeared to be well at ease within the dirty confine of the forge. Hiccup's respect for him went up even before he opened his mouth.

"Is there something I can help you with today, sir?" He asked, wiping his hands on a clean rag before approaching the nobleman.

"Ah, sorry, I'm Kai, Head Adviser within the Castle. I'm to be watching over the kingdom until Princess Elsa comes of age in three years' time," he paused, looking somewhat saddened at the idea. Hiccup guessed the man was still in mourning for the king and queen.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you sir," he said, holding out his now clean hand. "Though I wish it were through happier terms. I'm Hiccup Haddock, I work for Hadvar here at the forge. Was there something you need?"

Kai took the hand without hesitation, with something like recognition in his eyes when Hiccup told him his name. The feeling was gone before Hiccup could think any harder about it, and Kai responded in the same downcast manner as before.

"Unfortunately there is. I require a ceremonial sword for the funeral tomorrow, and the Royal Family's Sword was lost with the King and Queen. I know that this is quite the short notice, but I've heard of the wonders this forge has made. I was hoping one could be produced before tomorrow at midday?"

When he was finished, he looked to be holding his breath. Hiccup placated him with a warm smile, before gesturing for him to follow.

Kai let out what seemed to be a relieved breath and hurried to where Hiccup was headed.

"I can assure you your sword will be ready by tomorrow, though I'll need to know the design you wish me to replicate. I myself am unfamiliar with the Royal Family or their sigils."

The response seemed to confuse Kai, who was staring a little disbelieving at Hiccup. The look was starting to make him feel a little uncomfortable, when Hadvar finally looked up from what he was doing.

"Ah, Kai, I was told you would be arriving. Alas the boy is right. We'd need a picture or a sketch of the sword before re-forging it."

Kai's eyes lingered on Hiccup with the same puzzled expression for only a moment before he turned to the blacksmith. "I have a picture with me, and forgive me for my request, but I must insist that the metal be of the finest quality you can manage. The sword will be

passed down to the Queen when she comes of age, and must match the beauty that the gods have bestowed upon her."

Hiccup had to suppress an eye roll at that. He didn't know what it was with royal females, but they always seemed to be gifted with beauty beyond measure, even if they were fat and over the age of ninety. It's just how the world worked, he supposed. Hadvar however, chuckled good naturedly at the nobleman's comment.

"I didn't take you for a pious man, Kai. Though I have seen the late Queen's beauty before, I wouldn't think to lay blame for her children's beauty on the gods themselves."

Kai had the decency to look a little embarrassed at what he had said, but responded nonetheless.

"I have come to see the princesses as nieces, so no doubt my vision of them is somewhat biased, but I can say they take after the queen quite splendidly."

Hiccup was becoming bored with the current talk. The idea of making a sword for the royal family fascinated him, much more so than the idea of the royal family itself.

His restless nature seemed to be noticed by the old blacksmith, because he smiled, before addressing the nobleman.

"Alright Kai, I think it's time we see this picture. My apprentice here is itching to get to work on something, and he can't do so until I start the project."

Hiccup internally sighed in relief. He was a little afraid that he wouldn't be able to make the sword, due to his young age and therefore apparent lack of experience. The fact that Hadvar was covering that by saying he would only be aiding in the work brought down his rising anxiety levels a bit.

Kai rummaged through his coat, pulling out a sheet of paper before placing it in Hadvar's outstretched hand.

"Thank you again for this, Hadvar. I'll pay you well for it on the morrow."

With that, he bid the blacksmith and Hiccup farewell and taking his leave, wrapping his coat tighter around him to avoid the elements.

When he was out of sight, Hadvar handed the drawing over to him and smiled. "Good luck, lad. This is your final project as an apprentice."

That was not what Hiccup was expecting. Wide eyed, he looked over to the old man, trying to search his face for a sign that he had said what Hiccup just heard. Hadvar seemed to share a private joke with himself, because he shook his head, laughing at him. "You have nothing more to learn from me. It's time you started putting your name on your own work, and not mine."

Voice filled with emotion, Hiccup spoke. "I-I can't, Hadvar. My name isn't a common one in these parts. I'd rather not risk my location

being discovered by my old village," His response was saddening, but true. Hiccup wasn't a common name, and if he publicly started selling his craft, the name was sure to spread far.

Hadvar scratched his chin in contemplation for a moment, going over what he just heard. "Well, you seem so set on fitting in around here, why not change your first name? Haddock is a fine enough surname, there would be no need to change that."

Hiccup thought hard about what he just heard. Did he want to change his first name? It had become part of who he was, but it had also been the center of a large portion of the bullying he dealt with as a kid. Hiccup was the runt of the litter, a hiccup was useless, and Haddock of Arendelle was neither of those things.

He could be known as Hiccup by those who knew him personally, but he saw the merits of changing his name when selling his craft.

"Henry," he said finally. Looking up, he saw the approval on Hadvar's face. "Henry Haddock."

"Well, Master Haddock," he said, grinning that old man grin. "You better get to work."

And so he did. Hiccup spent the rest of the day shaping and bending the hilt of the sword, carefully engraving the designs that the picture so vividly depicted. The sword was more delicate than the typical blades Hiccup saw growing up. Those had been made for killing dragons, and lopping off the heads of raiding Vikings. The swords from Arendelle had more finesse to them, typically consisting of a hilt fit for one hand, and a guard that wrapped from the top to the bottom. The difference between a normal Arendelle sword and this one however, was that the guard was of the same design as the Royal Family's sigil.

Hiccup was rather impressed with the sword's hilt, being in the shape of a flower. He supposed it wouldn't be the best sword to fight with, as the guard was left open save for two thin beams that centered off at the bottom on either side of the handle, but it was rather beautiful. And after tonight, when Hiccup took it back to his home to create the blade, it would be a force to be reckoned with.

Kai did ask for the finest metal after all, and what better metal than that which could cut through other metal? He would just skip the part where he would tell Kai that his sword was made from dragon vomit. No one really needed to know that, right?

* * *

><p>It was early the next day when Hiccup arrived, and he was both surprised and slightly aggravated to find Kai and Hadvar already there. Doesn't this nobleman know that he hasn't gotten his bread yet? Shop doesn't open till his supply of starch has been satisfactorily stocked.<p>

Hadvar must have seen the look of betrayal on his face, because he roared with laughter as soon as he looked in his direction.

"Come now, Hiccup. Don't look at us like we've ruined your life. It's only a few loaves of bread," Hadvar said, waving his hand in

dismissal before grinning at him mischievously.

The joking manner flew right over Hiccups head. _No one_ messed with the bread. It could have been a crime. It _should_ have been a crime. He'd have to talk to Kai later about the prospect of locking people up in the dungeon for treasonous acts such as the failure to comprehend the importance that was Helen's Baked Goods. As the royal family's chief adviser, surely he would see the wisdom behind such an action, right?

The cold, unamused stare that emanated from Hiccup's face seemed to be enough to placate the old blacksmith, because the man reached for something on the table behind him before turning around and handing Hiccup his daily meal.

With a cry of relief, Hiccup snatched it up and brought it over to his own desk, before cutting a large portion and shoving it into his mouth, eyes fluttering with apparent ecstasy.

"How very odd," Kai stated, bewilderment laced in his words.

The old man just huffed. "Aye, but he gets the job done better than I ever could."

Kai turned towards him with a confused look. "What do you mean by that?"

Instead of answering him, Hadvar cleared his throat before addressing his eccentric apprentice.

"Come on now, lad. Show the man what you've crafted for him."

Hiccup finished gulping down his meal, following it with a swig from his water skin before retrieving the newly finished blade.

"I stayed up until about one in the morning last night putting the finishing touches on it, I hope it suits your purpose. The blade perfectly balanced, and I took the liberty of shining it this morning, though the metal hardly needed the buffering," he rambled on about what methods he used during the forging, but the two older men had long since stopped listening, their eyes fixed on the blade that was slowly unraveled before them.

Twin exhales were heard, to which Hiccup promptly stopped talking, if only to nervously gauge their reactions. He was quite pleased with the results.

Both of the men were staring, wide-eyed at the finest crafted sword either had ever seen. The sword, which was unnaturally light, was a three foot long blade that gleamed of the brightest silver. The sharp side of the sword was honed down to the thinnest of edges, almost to the point of being invisible.

The hilt however, was an entire different story. A flawless recreation of its predecessor, the metal seemed to be alive, flowing naturally with masterfully crafted curves and engravings. There was no flaw, no blemish, no imperfection that the human eye could find.

The sword looked like it had been forged in the fires of

Asgard.

"This is beyond the need of recognition. This sword deserves songs. Poets should tell stories of the history of this blade. I am most grateful for your mastery of the craft, Hadvar," Kai began.

"As much as I wish I could take the credit for, well, any of this, I'm afraid it was the lad who forged the sword. His skill has well surpassed my own," the blacksmith replied truthfully, gesturing to a rather bashful looking Hiccup.

"Hiccup, lad your work is beyond incredible! I know the allies of Arendelle would spend entire coffins of gold for a single blade of this quality. You and I should talk business. Arendelle may be my main priority, but strengthening the ties with our neighbors will ensure future alliances. It may also take the pressure off the Queen when she comes of a marrying age. With our wares already being bestowed upon them, they could hardly ask for a marriage contract to keep the peace," said Kai, who at this point was speaking more to himself than Hiccup, but he didn't mind. Having a good reputation with the royal family could be beneficial later on.

"The price for these wares is surprisingly cheap. So long as you can find me the right rocks, I can craft this quality of weapon relatively easily. The rocks aren't the uncommon in the mountains, so I should be fine as is," Hiccup stated, rubbing the back of his neck in thought. "Just give me the orders and locations to sell the goods. I'll get the job done."

Hadvar looked at him like a proud grandfather, and excused himself a moment later claiming that it was rather stuffy in the room and his eyes were bothering him. Both of the remaining men shared a knowing smile, but showed pity for the sentimental old man.

"Master Haddock, I'm surprised we have not seen these kind of goods for sale before. You could make a fortune off your work."

Hiccup thought for a while whether or not to tell him about his old village, and decided that if he were to remain on good terms with the Royal Family, he shouldn't keep non-dragon-related knowledge from them.

"I would love to sell my craft, sir. However my name is rather uncommon in these parts. Quite frankly, it's one of a kind," he started, pausing only to see if Kai was following along. Satisfied, he continued.

"While a unique name would typically be a good thing, especially when selling your craft, I left my old village, intending to start a new life away from the hardships I faced there. It would be rather unfortunate if they caught wind of where I was."

Kai sat there staring intently at him, as if he were sizing him up or analyzing him. His unblinking stare started to unnerve Hiccup a bit, and he briefly wondered whether or not the man realized how often he did this sort of thing, and whether or not he did it on purpose.

His line of thinking was broken when the Advisor finally spoke.

"Well you could sell under a different name," he said at last, glancing at Hiccup's face before moving forward. "Though it appears you've already thought of that. I suggest you going to the kingdoms yourself instead of trading them in the markets here. No one needs to know the goods are from Arendelle until that information is required. So until that time comes, your anonymity will remain intact."

Hiccup nodded in agreement. "Yea, that could work. I can make it to the surrounding kingdoms quickly enough. No one will even notice I'm gone."

He gave Kai a childlike grin, which the man found both endearing and goofy. His noble stature stopped him from speaking such things, but he had grown rather fond of the young lad in the short time he'd known him. He only wished their meeting was under happier circumstances.

After bidding the man farewell, Hiccup was left to his own devices. Hadvar, still feeling a little sentimental over the whole thing, had given him the day off.

And as the rain pattered on, seemingly without end, Hiccup sat in a chair munching on a piece of bread. Though he seemed rather calm to anyone looking into the shop, his thoughts were racing at a mile a minute. Designs for weapons and armor, travel routes to the surrounding kingdoms, ideas for the map he was nearly close to finishing. All those thoughts, which when mixed together created his next large step in life, made their way to the forefront of his mind.

But in the back of his mind, he thought of Agdar, and in the way gloomy thoughts are born during gloomy days, he wished forlornly that his surrogate father was here to see it happen.

* * *

><p>A few mixed feelings about this chapter, but I enjoyed writing the end of it. Next chapter is Berk guys, so it should mix it up a least a little, though honestly, this story hasn't been updated in so long that it's all probably brand spanking new to most of you.

As usual, let me know your likes and dislikes, your fears, your visions of the future, ideas that sprung to mind when reading this. I love feedback, both positive and negative. It's impossible to become a better writer if you learn nothing from your experiences :D

So please! Review! I love all of you.

End
file.